

## THE PIRATE PHOTOGRAPHER.

He's the sort of person I rate as an embryo pirate, as he ever seems to gloat from the mountains to the sea; He's the base of timid lovers, for days he nears them, till their presence he discovers.

Then he laughs in ghastly glee.

For he thinks it very funny, watching them extracting honey, lip from lip, and ere they're done he

Snap the shutter on the pair;

This object of his ruse is, and the kiss he reproduces, though it is hardly use.

As he doubtless is aware.

And you never can evade him, to reform you can't persuade him, till in the grave they've laid him

Underneath the willow trees;

But you'll find him, with his small ways, on the street or in the hallway, like a kleptomaniac, always

Taking every thing he sees.

If you threaten to expose him you are foolish, for it shows him you're afraid of him, which throws him

Into fits of scornful laughter;

Thus his shamlessness he shows, for you're quick to realize he knows you're bound to silence, for exposure

Is the very thing he's after.

Though it may be long delayed, he will some time meet the lady he will love, but I'm afraid he

Will have reason to be sad.

If the feels toward him as I did, when as neighbors we resided, he'll receive the most decided

Negative he ever had.

—F. H. Curtis, in N. Y. Sun.

## THAT LITTLE ITEM.

The Way Captain Boom Brought the Editor to Time.

I was sitting alone in the office the other day about noon when a couple of gentlemen came up who were evidently exceedingly angry. Their

temper had not been improved by climbing the long flight of stairs that led to the editorial room, which flight they had been compelled to walk up, as the elevator was not running between twelve and one.

"Look here," said one of the men, "this is Captain John Boom, of Northern Michigan. Your paper this morning publishes a scandalous and utterly untrue item about him, and we have come up here to get a retraction made or there will be trouble."

"Yes," said Captain Boom, mopping his heated brow, "there will be trouble. It is perfectly outrageous the way newspapers publish items in which there isn't a word of truth, utterly reckless of what damage they do, and—"

"Of course it is," broke in the other, "but I'll bet you a dollar and a half we'll have that fixed."

"Well," I said, "gentlemen, I am sorry, indeed, but it isn't in my department. I have really nothing to do with the matter at all. The proper man to see would be the city editor."

"What did I tell you," cried Captain Boom. "You wanted me to come up here, but I knew it was no good. I knew they would shift it off just that way. I told you we would never find the fellow that wrote it."

"You'll find him in all right enough," I said, "if you call up at five o'clock."

"Five o'clock," cried Captain Boom. "Why by that time I will be on the railway for home. No, sir. You correct that item right here now, or there is going to be trouble."

"All right," I said, "what is the item? I will make whatever corrections there are to be made in it and hand it to the city editor. He will only be too glad to correct it if he has been in the wrong."

"Too glad," thundered the other, "don't correct the damage he has done."

"What is the item?" I asked, unfolding a copy of that morning's paper.

"Here it is," he answered, putting his finger on the place.

The item was as follows:

"Captain John Boom, of Joggawauk, Northern Michigan, is at the Cadillac. He is interested in the development of some timber lands on the Joggawauk river, and has engaged Mr. Theodor Doltie, the surveyor, to go up here and run the lines. He is negotiating with Captain Briney for the purchase of a tug that will navigate the raging Joggawauk."

"Well," I said, when I had read that through, "what is there wrong about it?"

"It's all wrong," cried Captain Boom, "there isn't a word of truth in it. I want you to say in to-morrow's paper that you entirely mislead and that there wasn't a word of truth in the item relating to Captain John Boom. You have got to do that, or stand the consequences."

"It can't be all wrong," I said; "there must be some foundation of truth in the matter. The reporter has no reason for falsifying things."

"You can take it any way you like, but you have got to retract that thing or there will be music, now I tell you."

"Captain Boom," said the man who had come up with him, "is worth \$100,000, and he don't care a darn what he spends in order to set himself right, now I tell you."

"Well," I answered, "he doesn't need to spend a cent of it. The paper is as anxious to get it right as he is to have it righted, but let's see where the wrong is. In the first place, 'Captain John Boom, of Joggawauk, of Northern Michigan, is at the Cadillac.' Are you Captain John Boom?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Very well, then, that much is right. Are you from Joggawauk?"

"Yes, sir, I am from Joggawauk."

"Is Joggawauk in Northern Michigan?"

"Yes, it is."

"And are you staying at the Cadillac?"

"All right, then, there is nothing wrong with the first of it, is there?"

"No, it isn't that, I—"

"Well, let's take the second sentence. Are you interested in some of the timber limits on that river?"

"No, that's just where the trouble is. Of course, I am interested in timber limits on the Joggawauk river, but I didn't want that published. I didn't see any reporters, and those that I told about that I told in confidence, and am not going to have it cast broadcast all over the country."

"Well, what are we after now is to get this thing right. The timber limits are on the Joggawauk river, and is

## IT TRUE THAT YOU WISH TO INTEREST CAPITALISTS IN THE SCHEME?

"Why, that's what I am here for, as I said, but I don't want any publicity about it. We are doing this thing on the quiet. There are other parties that have claims on those limits, and if they get on to the racket, why they—"

The person who came up with him coughed a little and said:

"Never mind, Captain Boom, that, of course, has nothing to do with the matter."

"Well, it says here that you have acquired the right to 50,000 acres of timber land. Is that true?"

"Well, yes, it is true. That is to say it isn't fifty thousand acres, it's about forty-eight thousand acres. Oh, yes, and there is two thousand acres more that, but—yes, that's all right. Fifty thousand acres is all right. But it's nobody's business."

"Well, have you engaged Mr. Theodor Doltie, the surveyor, to go up there and run the line?"

"Engaged him? Yes, I have engaged him, but what of it? It isn't anybody's business but his and mine, is it?"

"No, but that part of the item is correct anyhow. I am trying to get at what is untrue in the item. Now, it says that you are negotiating with Captain Briney for the purchase of a tug. Is that true?"

"Why, I bought a tug from him this morning. Yes, I was negotiating with him yesterday. But that isn't the point—"

"Well, we'll get at that point in a minute. The tug is to navigate the raging Joggawauk. Is the tug for that purpose or does the Joggawauk not rage?"

"Oh, that's a trivial matter; of course, that's what the tug is for, but that isn't what I want you to say in to-morrow's paper that there isn't any truth in that item about Captain John Boom."

"But, my dear sir, you have just said it is all true, every line is true."

"Well, that may be, but we don't want the thing published, and didn't want it published, and here you have gone and published it."

"You can't expect us to say it is not true when it is true, can you, Captain?"

"Yes, I can."

"Well, how would this strike you?"

"In reference to an item in this column in yesterday's issue Captain John Boom denies that he has any rights to any timber limits on the Joggawauk river, he has not engaged a surveyor and has no thought of interesting capitalists in his scheme. He has not bought a tug and does not intend to."

Captain Boom read this item over once or twice and scratched his head and showed it to his companion.

"No," he said, "this isn't exactly what we want. I don't want you to say that I deny it, you know. I want the paper to deny it."

"But, don't you see, the paper can't tell a lie. It is like George Washington in that respect."

The two consulted for a minute.

"Well," said Captain Boom, "perhaps it don't matter after all. Better let it stand as it is."

"I guess the paper would say that you deny it if you want to, Cap."

"No, I don't know that it matters. We'll let it go at that. Good day."—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

## UNDER FALSE COLORS.

A Politician's Ridiculous Attempt to Make an Admiral of Himself.

In England we do not do quite so much upon uniforms as they do in France; and little incidents of this kind are therefore not very likely to occur on this side of the channel.

Still, a well-known English Cabinet Minister did once get into difficulties, not through going about in mufti, but through wearing too much uniform.

He will not mention the gentleman's name, for he is still extant. This distinguished politician—not even his friends ever thought he was a statesman—was once upon a time First Lord of the Admiralty. Full of the importance of his office he determined to wear the gorgeous uniform of Lord High Admiral, whose representative he was. The first time he had official business with the fleet the right honorable gentleman put on his uniform and went aboard one of Her Majesty's ships. The Minister, who liked to look upon himself as Lord High Admiral, had his flag run up and the vessel started. In a few minutes one of the officers came up and politely touched his hat to the First Lord.

"If you please, sir, what are your orders?" he asked.

"Orders! what orders?"

"As your flag is flying, you are in command."

"But I don't understand at all."

"Well, sir, you are in command, and in a few minutes we shall run into the Queen's yacht. Will you give me my orders?"

The unlucky First Lord became crimson with vexation, and the Lord High Admiral's pennant was promptly hauled down.—St. James' Gazette.

—Stranger (bursting into workshop): "I've by the paper that you've invented an electric railway by which people can leave Chicago in the morning, spend the day in New York, and be back in Chicago by bed-time! What'll you take to drop it, and smash up the models?" Inventor: "What do you mean? Are you crazy?" Stranger: "No; but I shall be if that road goes through—I've got a mother-in-law in Chicago."—Puck.

—There is a man living near Quilman, Brooks County, Ga., who never ate a morsel of bread in his life. He subsists principally on fruits and potatoes. He weighs nearly two hundred and was never sick longer than an hour in his life. He drinks a gallon of milk a day.

—A Youngstown (O.) man recently started for Europe. He reached Buffalo, N. Y., when he remembered that he had forgotten to lock his safe. He hurried home and there found a letter offering him a large contract in Cincinnati, which he at once accepted and abandoned his trip.

## UNCLE SAM'S TRADE.

Foreign Countries With Which the United States Exchanges Commodities.

A correspondent wishes to know what countries of the world the foreign trade of the United States is largest. He is aware that Great Britain is both the largest customer of this country and that country from which the imports are heaviest. He desires to know what countries come next on the list.

It is true that the trade with Great Britain is by far greater than that with any other country. The returns for the year that has just ended—the year ends with the month of June—have not yet been prepared, but the proportion varies but little from year to year, and therefore the figures for 1887-88 will do very well.

In that year the total imports into the United States were valued at seven hundred and twenty-four million dollars, of which one hundred and seventy-eight millions, or nearly one-fourth, came from Great Britain. The domestic exports were valued at six hundred and eighty-four millions, of which three hundred and fifty-eight millions, or fifty-two per cent., went to Great Britain. More than thirty-seven per cent. of the whole foreign trade was with the British Isles.

Next came Germany. One-tenth of all the imports and eight per cent. of the exports, in round numbers, are to be credited to the German trade. France was not far behind. She sent to the United States nearly one-tenth of all the foreign goods imported in the year we are considering, and five and one-half per cent. of the exports were shipped thither.

If now we unite these three countries, Great Britain, France and Germany, we shall find that the imports from them all amounted to more than three hundred and twenty-seven millions, and the exports to them to more than four hundred and fifty millions. This was in, in each case, more than forty per cent. of the whole foreign trade of the country.

This leaves about sixty per cent. of the trade for the rest of the world, and this trade is much scattered. All Europe, including the countries we have named, sent but fifty-six per cent. of the imports and took less than eighty per cent. of the exports.

There are some large figures left. The imports from the West Indies reached the sum of seventy-one millions; the exports thither were twenty-seven millions. From South America goods were imported valued at eighty-four millions, while the exports were twenty-eight millions. Asia and Oceania stand in the import list for eighty-eight millions, and in the export list for thirty-three millions.

The trade with the Sandwich Islands is also of quite large proportions—a result which is due to the operation of the reciprocity treaty with that country; and the trade is increasing.

Outside of Europe the best trade is undoubtedly that with Canada, not only because it is the largest in amount, but because the imports and exports nearly balance each other. The total value of goods passing in both directions between Canada and the United States was almost eighty million dollars.

While enormous imports of sugar from Cuba, and of coffee and other articles from Brazil, swell the trade of those countries, the United States has no larger customer for its own goods except those that have been named already, but Australia took eleven million dollars' worth of American merchandise, Mexico nine millions, and Brazil seven millions.

Renewed interest is to be noted among some of the large merchants of the country in the South American trade. There is no doubt that if the proper means were taken it would be possible to increase this part of the foreign trade greatly. But the question what are the proper means is much in dispute, and unfortunately it is discussed as a political matter instead of a purely commercial problem, and when that is the case it is well-nigh hopeless to expect that anything whatever will be done.

But the foreign trade is constantly increasing and broadening, and the time is coming when this country will be a competitor in every market in the world with its great commercial rivals, Great Britain, Germany and France.—Youth's Companion.

## MAINE'S RICHEST MAN.

He Makes Himself Pleasant to Strangers and Helps Struggling Youth.

Passengers on the Maine line steamers frequently notice in the pilot-house a tall, slender man, with a long gray beard and the general aspect of a retired steamboat captain or something of that sort. He seems to take a casual interest in the navigation of the vessel, and is evidently on familiar footing with the officers of the boat. Occasionally he may invite some curious passenger into the wheel-house to see the compass or to peep through the glasses. With such he will chat entertainingly about ships, the ocean, the weather or any other ordinary subject. Incidentally it will probably come out that he is president of the line, and he may mention that he is also in the oil-cloth business in New York, though his home is in Maine. He is full of thoughtful suggestions about the best way to avoid sea-sickness, the best state-rooms to try to get for the return trip, and so to other matters relating to the comfort of the trip. The passenger who has been fortunate enough to fall in with him concludes that the Maine line has a most accommodating gentleman for its president, and thinks it would be a good thing for the line if it would hire its president to sail on every trip and make things pleasant for the patrons.

"Going to stop over in Portland and come back with us next trip, are you?" he said to a couple of voyagers recently.

"Well, now, don't you stay in Portland; go over to Cushing's Island, to the hotel there, the Ottawa; it's the only one there is, and you can't miss it. I'll only take half an hour or so to go there, and you can spend one night and two days there a good deal more comfortably than you can in Portland. Just mention at the hotel

that I told you to come. Mr. Bailey, president of the steamship line; it won't do you any harm."

These two passengers were more than ever impressed with the geniality of the Maine line's president, and they took his advice. They had the best room at the hotel, and received other attention that made them curious as to where Mr. Bailey got the "pull" that he evidently had with the hotel proprietor. They asked some one who this Mr. Bailey was.

"Bailey? Oh, president of the steamship line? Why, that's Charles S. Bailey. He's the richest man in Maine. Worth ten or fifteen millions and made it all himself. He was about the first oil-cloth manufacturer in the country, and is the biggest one yet. He most owns the steamship line and a lot of other things. Close as a chestnut burr, too, about business, but does an almighty lot of good with his money on the quiet. He don't go much on churches, but he has a fancy for helping young men studying for the ministry or young preachers. He'll put up all the money they need right along until they get to mixing in politics or temperance. Then he shuts down on 'em right off. Says a minister's business is to do good to humanity, not to talk politics or prohibition. He'll do most any thing for a man he takes a fancy to. I knew a young man who put him up and asked him for \$5,000. He got it, and was going to give a note for it. 'Never mind that,' he said, 'if you're honest you'll pay me without it, and if you're dishonest you won't pay me any how; your word is all I want.' That's the kind of a man he is, though you'd never suspect it if you had any business dealings with him. You don't mean to say you were talking to him and didn't know who he was? Reckon you don't know much about Maine; there ain't many pies down Eastways that he ain't got a finger in."

The two travelers made up their minds that they had reversed the usual form and had been entertained by an angel unawares.—N. Y. Sun.

## THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Which Caused Justice to Be Done to the Extent of Nine Dollars.

In the smoking car, along with half a dozen others of us, was an engineer who was going down to Peoria, and after a time the Judge started to draw him out by saying:

"I presume you have had your share of close shaves, along with other engineers?"

"I have, sir," was the reply.

"Been in many smash-ups?"

"A full dozen, I guess."

"Any particular adventure that might be called wonderful?"

"Why, yes, I have one," replied the man, after relating his old cigar stump.

"I didn't think it any great shave myself, but the boys cracked it up as something extra."

"Let us hear about it," said the Judge, as he passed him a Havana.

"Well, one day about three years ago I was coming West with the lightning express, and was running to make up lost time. Down here about twenty miles two roads cross, as you will see, and there are a lot of switches and side tracks. I had just whistled for the crossing and put on the brakes when the coupling between the tender and the baggage car broke."

"I see, I see," murmured the Judge.

"At the same moment something went wrong with old No. 40, and I could not shut off steam. She sprang away like a flash, and she struck the crossing she left the track and entered a meadow filled with stumps."

"Good heavens!"

"She kept a straight course for about forty rods, smashing the stumps every second, and then leaped a ditch, struck the rails of the D. & R. road, and after a wobble or two settled down and ran for two miles."

"Amazing! Amazing!"

"Then, at a crossing, she left the metals, entered a corn-field, and bearing to the right, plowed her way across the country until she came to our own road again. She had a long jump to make over a marsh, but she made it, struck the rails, and away she went."

"You don't say—so?"

"I was now behind my train, and after a run of two miles, I got control of the engine, ran up and coupled to the palace car, and went into Ashton pushing the train ahead of me."

"Great Scott! And was no one hurt?"

"Not a soul, and not a thing broken. The superintendent played a mean trick on me, though."

"How?"

"Why, the farmer who owned the meadow paid the company \$18 for the stumps I had knocked out for him, while the corn-field man charged \$9 for damages. The superintendent pocketed the balance of the money."

"The scoundrel! And how much are you paid a month?"

"Ninety dollars."

"That's for running on the road?"

"Yes."

"And nothing for lying?"

"Not a red."

"That's an outrage. The superintendent is an old friend of mine, and I'll see that you get the \$9 on the stumpage and salary of \$300 a month as long as you live. It is such men as you who make a line popular."—N. Y. Sun.

—The corner stone of a church was recently laid in a New England town with the usual impressive ceremonies. When the block of granite had been securely cemented in its place a small boy electrified the assemblage by making a horrifying disclosure. He had surreptitiously dropped into the receptacle under the stone the advertising card of a Boston clothing store, containing the vulgar but startling interrogation, "Do you wear pants?" The excitement in the village is intense.

—Green Grape Jelly.—Gather full grown green grapes, pick from the stem and put into a stone jar. Set the jar in a kettle of cold water over a hot fire. When the juice will come easily, strain. To each pint of juice, add a pound of sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

—Woman's Magazine.

## A FARMER'S ARGUMENT.

What He Has to Say About the Iniquities of the High Tariff.

Farmer Smalley, of Caledonia, Minn., writes in a recent letter to the New York Evening Post as follows: "Sir: Betsy an' I've been to town to-day, Mister Editor, 't'get a load of bindin' twine for my harvest and sugar for my presarvin', an', as Susan—that's our oldest girl that's to hum—is goin' to be married this fall after huskin', the old lady insists on the house bein' painted ag'in, an' so I bought a lot o' paint; the gracious knows, I don't see how we can afford it. While in town, our editor—he's a tariff reformer, an' has got me to be a sight more of one than I was when I quit the fact'ry down in Connecticut an' came West to farmin'—he give me a copy of your paper, an' I have been readin' since I got him those letters from farmers from everywhere. It's pow'ful refreshin', as pason says, to see how many other farmers all over this big land o' ours is gettin' all over their heads that down under all these things that trouble our farmers, as the cause of them all, lies that doctored (false) tariff, but I'm gettin' mad' perfected tariff. We've been allowin' that the reason why we had so little money in our pockets when every thin' was paid for was because the railroads robbed us, an' because the Government didn't print money enough, an' because the elevator men beat us on grades and weight, an' because some one they call 'Big Four' down to Shecawgo sent meat ready dressed to our cities, an' all that. An' we've been runnin' the Legislatures, an' passin' all sorts of laws that some feller that wanted to go to the Legislature said would just fix the thing all right. An' so far from gettin' better, 's far as I can see, it's getting worse. You see, us farmers don't spend much money on such matters. The way with its big prices, sent us along a boomin', an' since the bottom dropped out we've had just all we could do to keep our heads out of water, an' while we felt that some thin' was out o' kilter, we couldn't spend time to study it out for ourselves. It is as clear as day to me, an' I judge from the letters that it is getting a heap clearer to lots of others, that we won't get any help that will do us any lastin' good until we can buy just exactly as we sell, under a competition as wide as the world."

But I didn't start in fur to tell you what you know a sight better than I can tell it, but to tell you about our shoppin' to-day, an' what a dose of this perspective I got. I s'pose you've heard tell of the twine trust, haven't you, Mr. Editor? Well, the difference 'twixt you an' me is that I've heard of it and felt it—felt it in my pocket, sir—an' that's bein' teched that way so often nowadays that it is gettin' mighty sensitive. Two years ago I paid fourteen cents a pound for the best Manila twine. That was before the farmers had said that they didn't want free twine, and before these pesky trusts had got to be such private affairs that what they did wasn't any concern of yours or mine or the President's, you know. To-day I paid eighteen cents a pound for just the same kind of twine. I saw a letter from the secretary of this trust in which he said that the raw material had hid. Wages isn't raw material, is they? Well, on to-day's deal that little rise of the twine trust just lifted \$6 out o' my pocket slick an' clean. Then, only last year, when Betsy wanted to put up her presarves, we got fourteen pounds of sugar for \$1. This year the sugar trust have run it up—or down—so we get nine pounds for \$1. That made just twenty-five pounds less sugar for a five-dollar bill, you see, and at last year's prices that is \$1.78 more than I have "trusted." Then, on the paint an' oil, as near as I can figger it out, the white-lead trust and the linseed-oil trust borrowed a couple of dollars more to be paid back to me in a home market, possibly. It all makes \$8.78 taken just for nothin'."

Now, let's see what that means from my point. My cows average me a pound of butter a day, an' I'm gettin' a shilling a pound for it. It will take one cow seventy-eight days to earn what these trusts took out of me, to say nothin' of the feed and work; or they've come and taken a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound pig out of my pen, or they've taken an acre of good corn, or they've taken all the profit there is in an acre of my winter wheat, leavin' me the cost about paid. Now, when this sort of thing is goin' on all round the ring, is it any wonder that all farmers feel that some thin' is hurtin' them mighty bad, and that some of us, who can see what it is, got so all-fired mad? There was a feller out down in your city who imperdently asked folks: "What are you goin' to do about it?" when they hinted that he was a stealin' too much, an' the trusts are stickin' their thumbs in their arm-holes and cockin' their eyes at us an' askin' us the same question. Well, Tweed found his answer, and they'll find theirs. Meantime we can only growl and save a little harder."

## TANNER'S ESTIMATES.

Extravagance That Would Compel a Grievous Increase of Taxation.

Tanner, the Pension Commissioner, has a fatal facility in the use of his tongue. He can not bridge that unruly member. It attacks both friend and foe. Now he is in a quarrel with a Democratic editor, who retorts that he must himself follow the advice he has given his staff, and never fire with a fool nor fight with a cripple. Again he is engaged in controversy with a Republican Congressman, and seems to think himself rhetorically picturesque in saying that his impression of him is that if his brains were blown through a crane's bill into a mosquito's eye the mosquito would never wink. The Congressman proposes to inquire of the Administration whether the Commissioner is free to go up and down the Union making mischief in loyal Republican districts.

Tanner's magnifying of himself and his office is a conspicuous foible. He is but a bureau officer, who has no more right to exploit himself than any other of a dozen such officers. He needs only himself, The Secretary of the

## INTERIOR IS NOBODY.

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